THE AMERICAN GIRL

IN ENGLAND AND WHY THE ENGLISHMAN MARRIES HER.

It is Mr. Chamberlain's marriage which has all at once made her again a topic of discussion in British Mother, but the British Mother does not as a rule write the leading editorials in the British Press. She may sometimes inspire them, to girls." She inspired, possibly, the claborate essay which tainly shorter, and probably less absurd in theory. Mother, a lady clever enough and with character enough to have been an American; a real leader in that society of which the conservative writer has an incomplete knowledge-the best society of London. The American invasion was in full tide | them do beat us." of success, and this lady was asked what she longs to the "Classes" had been thinking for long for to-day.

In America, I suppose, the solicitudes of the British Mother must seem excessive. They can organization is so unlike that of England. The American girl asks little or no help from her in London of a girl's coming out. You hear of her being brought out. If the girl does not the mother who is pitied. "Lady X. has hacked those daughters of hers about London the last three years and got rid of only one of them." That is the sort of remark you may hear. It is in form; perhaps secretly prides himself on being so; is ashamed of seeming so good a fellow he really is. Brutal or not, it expresses a truth. Lady X. has started out on a campaign and failed. She has toiled, schemed and intrigued to find husbands for her girls, and has fixed on for her own offspring have married Americans. Do you wonder that she is sore? The girls seem to have less interest in the business than the mother. They seldom have the air of being on active service. They are not asked to take part in the manceuvres. They have only to look pretty-if they can, poor things,-to dance with the right man, and not to go down to supper with the wrong one': not to spoil mamma's game, not to "spoon" with the penniless A. when the eligible B, with money needs but a look or a word to bring him to the point. Their role is passive. The mothers would be horrified if they saw their daughters thinking and acting for themselves. So, I suppose, would the eligible young men: perhaps not the ineligible, for their chance would be improved if the girls were given their heads, and if by chance they knew what to do with them when they had been given. It is of the average girl I speak; any one who knows London knows many who have little in common with the average.

No doubt there has been a change of late, but the change is itself due in some degree to American influence. The English girl has been encouraged to copy her American cousin. All copies are mistakes, and this is a greater mistake than most others. Their only use, as Lo Rochefoucauld says, is to bring out the faults of the original. And it is the faults, not the merits, that are copied. Probably the American girl has faults. I speak of her as a type, not as an individual; the individual is always charming. Nor is the American girl, as girl, very well known here. It is after the has ceased to be girl and becomes a wife, and the wife of an Englishman, that she has been most studied in London. It is not in London or on English soil that she has done most of her poaching. If you were content with superficial causes. it might be enough to trace the causes of the American conquest to the new passion of the young Englishman for American travel. Twenty years ago hardly anybody went; the young Englishman of position who had seen " the States" was the exception. Now he is, if not the rule, common enough to make a rule for himself. He goes to America, sees the American girl, is captured or captures her, and brings her back to the old home. If you run down the list you will find that most Anglo-American matches have been made on American soil; with some brilliant in-

Opportunity is much, but it is not everything If the travelling Briton had not found the American girl attractive, he would not have married her. Why did he find her attractive-more tractive than the girl he left behind him? The portrait of her in "The Standard" is neither ecognizable nor of a kind to explain in the least the Briton's infatuation. Logic is out of place in these matters, but it is not necessary to be abso lutely illogical, and if you reduce "The Standard" article to a loose syllogism it reads thus: Englishmen like to marry romantic girls: the American girls are prosaic, therefore the Englishmen marry American girls. The British Mother knows better than that. She will give you a dozen reasons offhand. If she happen to be in a bad temper she will declare they are forward hussies. She would give her fingers if her own girls knew how to be forward in the same sense. Very likely she will tell you that her own girls are as pretty. as well-bred (she will say better), as well-dressed, as well-taught, as well a dozen other things, as the Americans. It is not all quite accurate, but we can afford to admit it, and the retort is the more crushing, " Why then do the young Englishmen prefer the Americans?"

Each has his own reason, good unto him, but the reason which underlies all the others is social, not personal. The relations between the sexes in youth are ten times more natural, genuine. and right in America than in England. Life does not begin with the English girl on her coming out. She is still in the nursery or the school-room, is still the bread-and-butter miss, still the nonentity, still the shy, silent, unformed creature she was. She is not sure of herself or of anybody else. She has no conversation, or none that does not require drawing out, and the young Englishman is not good at drawing out. She knows that she has been taken to market, and her sensations on entering society cannot be very different from those of the white slave on the auction-block in the East. She has been taught to be timid. Opinions, ideas, initiative of her own, the meeting on equal terms with youngsters in black coats and white ties, any kind of frank or friendly intercourse, any knowledge of the world or of life-all these things are to her anathema. She is what her mother and governess have made her; as her mother before her was made by her mother and governess. Her incapacities are hereditary; her notions are purely conventional; Mrs. Grundy is the Deity who rules over her Universe. She is monotonous and men like variety. She is a chrysalis, and to a chrysalis even a butterfly preferable. She is the raw material of a charming woman, and it is not every young Briton who feels himself competent to complete her education, or willing to let others complete it. He often hung back long before he heard of America. When he went there he found a girl who had everything the English girl had, and something beside. The American did meet him on even terms-as a rule much more than evenfor she is as superior to the average your Englishman as to the average English girl. intelligence, quickness, freshness, animation, fulness of character, often her brilliancy always her individuality, were perfectly novel to him and perfectly delightful. Is it so wonderful that he liked her better than her doll-cousin in this damp

Atlantic, perfectly. "The girls have the best of it at home," said she, " and the young married women in England. The right thing to do is to be born in the States and marry here." I said: " You mean that the American girl has as much

freedom as the English wife." " So has the American wife, but that is not the point. With us in America, as you know, the girl England. She has long been a grievance to the gets all the attention from the men, in London society the girl is nowhere, and the young wives are the attraction. Men will not be bored to talk

With her testimony may be compared that of a appeared the other day in " The Standard." Had she young Englishwoman, married, pretty, extremely actually written the essay, it would have been cer- cleves titled, and in the best set of the best society. The company had been discussing a new The subject was once dealt with by a British Angle-American union, and there were the usual wonderings what there was in these girls from beyond the sea that bewitched the best men who went over there. Lady Z. listened and reflected, and said in her sunny way: " Well, the best of

These two stories together contain as much of thought of American girls. "They are sad peach- the philosophy of the whole business as the journalers" was her answer. She had expressed in four list can be expected to supply. They are texts words what the average British Mother who besoon which a long sermon night be preached; too

But the American girls have the most money, growled the British Mother on one occasion. Sometimes they have, and when they have it is again hardly be understood in a country whose social | the social system in which they live that bestows it on them. If English fathers persist in sacrifleing their daughters to their sons, what else can mother in choosing a partner for life. The be expected. In the great families, of course, English girl has always been dependent upon her the younger sons fare not much better, as a rule, mother to get her a husband. You do not hear than the daughters. If there is a title, the estate must be left together to support it. If there is none, it must be increased in hopes the title may marry during her first or second season, it is come. In the middle classes, with whom this particular marriage question concerns itself but little, the rule still is to give more to the male than to the female progeny, save when the upper middle class daughter is to be bartered for a brutal in form, but the Englishman is often brutal | title. Primogeniture or not, few of the great families would be as great as they are had not eldest sons from time to time married fortunes acquired in trade. But what remains to the others? A duke's daughter with \$50,000 is thought rather well off. Anybody with twice that is a good match; and a girl with half a million not found them. Perhaps the very men she had is a prize for which a generation of young patricians compete. The growl about money therefore merely a growl. The English have money enough; they could give it to their daughters if they liked; perhaps, as a last resource against the flowing tide from America, they will enlarge their portions. There would be one result, and one only. They would have then to invent a fresh reason to account for the continuing attractiveness of the American girl. G. W. S.

WHY HE REVERED ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A POLITICAL SPEAKER WHO WAS ONCE A SOLDIER AND OWED HIS LIFE TO THE PRESIDENT.

One night during the heat of the campaign in this city, a plain man with a soldier like tearing was addressing an audience of workingmen in one of the down-town wards. The speaker said that he had always been a Democrat, but that this year he should vote for Harrison, and as he grew more earnest in his appeal for a protective policy he referred eloquently, and almost reverentially, to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Some in the audience thought it strange that a life-long Democrat should so refer to Lincoln, but those who knew said in explanation that the speaker was the hero of one of the most pathetic stories told of the Civil War. The story runs like this:

Two young boys from one of the towns in this State had early enlisted in the Union Army. They marched side by side, shared the same dangers, ate together and slept together. One of the boys was not so strong as the other, and often, after a hard day's march, he would be quite exhausted. At such times the stronger one would carry the knapsack of the weaker, and lend him his arm over rough places. One night, after a particularly wearisome march, the sickly lad was more exhausted than usual, and was sinking heavily to the ground when he was told that it was his turn that night to serve on picket duty. The stronger youth at once volunteered to take his place, and although he too was worn out with the double load he had carried during the day, he took his stand for the night with gun in hand. Toward morning the tired evelids would no longer stay open, and he was found asleep at his post. came the trial by court-martial, and the sentence, to be shot for sleeping while on duty.

In vain it was pleaded that he slept but a moment, that he was taking the turn of a sick comrade-mil itary rule was inexorable. The condemned lad tried to comfort his friend, and then wrote to his father and mother, telling them why their son must die. At his home was a young sister, who, after she had heard the letter read, at once set out for Washington to see President Lincoln. She found the President and told him the story, and after a few inquiries had been made of the Secretary of War, the great man with the kindly heart wrote arross the death sentence: "Pardoned. A. Lincoln." "Go home." he said to the trembling girl, "and tell your brother to be proud that he has such a sister, and you, my girl, have reason to be proud that you have such a brother." And those of the audience who heard the story admitted that the parioned solder had a right to reverence the name of Abraham Lincoln. and mother, telling them why their son must die

THEY SPEAK THE FRENCH UN PEU.

CHICAGO ENTHUSIASM FOR COQUELIN Eugene Field in The Chicago News.

Eugene Field in The Chicago News.

The play at the Theatre of McVicker, did you last night see! It was magnificent. Ah, but you there was not? Voila! Then we shall of it tell.

At the door of the theatre the M. Thomas Geary was standing for the taking of the tickets of the representation. In the time of the past he was Tom Geary, but now it does that he goes to be called the M. Geary. Ah me! the fate of what irony!

"Good-evening, M. Geary," it you say. "It makes evil time this evening."

evil time this evening."
"Yes," he says, "it did not snow one little of while ago."

"Speak you French?" you him ask.
"I speak French one little—one little (un petit peu). "What for," say you to him addressing, "what for is it that all of the citizens of Chicago speak French one little?" little?"

It upwards give," replies the M. Geary. "You ild go to give me one easy one."

the foyer you see Mr. the Colonel McVicker.

the Colonel makes to wear beautiful clothes and the hands of him he transports the twins (les jume(s).
"The Mr. Coquelin is grand," exclaims, "C'est

"Parlez vous Francais, monsieur?"
"Oui, un peu."
Mon Dien! Mon Deat's All speak the French one little. The packer of pork and the merchant of the grain and the clerk the store-all speak the French-one little.

When it is not to speak good French One little French will do; Then you shall say In a modest way: "Je parle Francais un peu." We'll let these foreign actors know When asking "parlez-vous?" The' we shi't very much At 1-talian or Dutch, We parley in French "un peu." So all Chicagoans, haut of bas (From Calumet to l'Island Bleut, For the rest of the week Should one little French speak— Which is to say, parler un peu!

The Mr. P. D. Armour also speaks of the French. He makes to go to admire the art of the Mr. Coquelin. He says that the Mr. Coquelin of his face is beautiful and that the jowls of him being more beautiful three times than of the pig corn-fed.

The auditorium of the theatre has itself full of the cream of cream. It does that all of the cream of the gream speak the French one little.

They nod to each other in a friendly wise,
With a "Comme vons portez-vous?"
Int that's about all
Of the French they recall—
For they speak it, you know, "un peu."

For they speak it, you know, "un pen."

The Mr. E. P. Hutchinson, the king of the corner of the wheat, sits in the parquet. He says that the Mr. Coquelin is magnificent. Strange, but ft does that they all say "c'est magnifique." It is that of knowing anything else they do not!

The Mr. Hutchinson is happy. Ses richesses sont accrues a un point incroyable. Ses richesses ont accrue par un heureux coup de bourse.

"Ah. Monsieur Hutchinson, vous portez-vous blen."
"Oul, monsieur-et vous;"
"Le M. Coquelin est magnifique?"
"Le M. Coquelin est magnifique?"
This is the secret of the happiness of him list; ah quel vie:

Old Hutch is au fait.
When the deuce is to pay
In wheat, and he corners the same;
He desayl; make year. He doesn't parly-voo (Not even un peu), But he gets there tout le meme,

I once knew, or rather I still have the honor of knowing, an American girl who has become an English woman by marriage. She was good enough to talk over this question with me. She knew both sides of it, and both sides of the

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

JOE" CANNON AND HIS CANVASS FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

EXPLORING ASIA FOR DIVORCE STATISTICS-TWO ILLINOIS PESTS-SPARKS'S REVENGE

-A WASHINGTON CHARACTER. Washington, Dec. 1 .- Everybody in town knows that "Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, is a candidate for Speaker of the next House, while "Tom" Reed is indifferent and Major McKinley is uncertain whether or not to make a dash for the prize. Representative Cannon is impressing his claims upon the members in a good-natured way that does not offend those who have other preferences. He reasons that the Speakership is coming his way in the natural order of events, and whenever he meets a group of members who are committed to Reed, or McKinley, or Butterworth, Mr. Cannon doesn't try to argue them out of their choice. He merely tells them a story. about a quaint old citizen out in the Wabash country, who wanted to be supervisor, but, like the great body of American citizens who consent to serve the public, wished the office to seek the man. So he began to lay the wires early by repeating from time to time that the office of supervisor in that particular year would be one of great importance, that much care should be taken in choosing the man, and so on. These homilles always concluded with this expression

"I tell you now, neighbors, it's my deeliberate jedgment that we should elect only the fittingest man.

That's what my decilberate jedgment is." His neighbors understood the case and had agreed among themselves that Uncle Zeke, as he was called, should be gratified in his humble ambition. He under stood it also, but no hint was given on either side. The day of the caucus came and after candidates had been named for various positions, the office of supervisor was reached. In a spirit of fun several pushing young politicians had been suggested, but when nominations were called for there was no response. Finally, some one suggested that the position was an important one and before making any nominations he thought they ought to hear what Uncle Zeke Robinson had to say about its responsibilities. The prospective supervisor, after a little urging, repeated his well known views and gave his "dec-liberate jedgment" that only "the fittingest man" should be chosen. When he finished, there was a pause, until the chair-

man cheerfully remarked: That's all true, Uncle Zeke, but we're here to find out who is the 'fittingest man.' "

Uncle Zeke drew himself up and with a dignity not unmarked by reproach for the lack of insight shown by his fellow citizens, said:

"I didn't reckon there'd be any question 'bout that among my neighbors. My dee-liberate jedgment is that he won't be found among them roosters"-pointing to the young fellows whose names he had heard men-

And he wasn't. Mr. Cannon leaves his hearers to make the application of the story. A good many years ago his neighbors thought he was the "fittingest man" to be County Attorney. Then they took a notion that he ought to go to Congress, and next March he will enter The Illinois delegation has upon his ninth term. eached the conclusion that he is the "fittingest man' for speaker, and it will support him solidly. He doesn't quarrel with the friends of "roosters" like Reed and McKinley whose terms have not been so long, but he does quietly tell them he hopes when the time comes they will fall in line with the supporters of the "fittingest man," whose name he believes is

Joseph G. Cannon. There must be either a delightful degree of elasticity about the act-passed as late as June 27, 1884-which provided for the new "Bureau of Labor," or else there He finally determined on a radical course. is a charming latitude in the interpretation of its provisions by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright. 1 hear of prolonged and pleasant trips to Europe and Asia on the part of special agents of this interesting of obtaining data relative to divorces in foreign

I hear that one conscientious Government agent visited England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and then, by easy stages, pursued his important inquiries on the Continent, by way of Paris, Berlin and Rome, where he wintered in the shadow of St. Peter's. stopping places of miner interest, makes up quite a | Inblic land in the State to railroads. I have propleasant and instruccive itineray, although the collection of divorce statistics in the land of the Moslem to get all the acres I have promised, would appear to be a work of supercrogation, as dibe gridiconed with railroads and there Bosphorus.

while it may doubtless be a delightful and instructive thing for members of this peculiarly favored manners and cities," at Government expense and under a reform Administration, still I should think that the city of Chicago would have afforded an ample enough store of information upon the subject of divorces, and one much nearer home, to Mr. Wright and his friends. But perhaps they were only anxious to furnish the Hale Committee with a subject for investi-gation this winter. If that was their object, by all means let that committee turn on the light and show us the workings, and especially the good which this costly Bureau has accomplished, since it was called

Colonel "Bill" Morrison never tires of exulting over the defeat of Jehu Baker. The friends of the latter say that this defeat is due, more than anything else, to Morrison's failure to run against him, and in the exchange of civilities the Illinois tariff smasher whenever he had Morrison for an antagonist Jehu Baker was elected to Congress. Both Democrats and Republicans seem to agree that if Morrison had made the race this year he would surely have been beaten. He evidently felt so himself, for he was discreet enough to have another man nominated. Ba-ker's friends say that the fact that Morrison wasn't up caused some of them to take less interest in the struggle than usual, and the result of this carelessness was a plurality of 17 for the Democratic candi-The tariff smasher, however, gets a great deal date. of comfort out of the situation. Politics in his neigh borhood have always been bitterly personal, and the Morrison family has been noted for its animo On the other hand, its enemies have not been lacking in the vigor of their hatred. General Logan used to tell a story for which the tariff reformer himself vouched and which was a good illustration of this

Colonel Morrison's ancestors settled in Southern Illinois before the beginning of the present century. They were Indian traders first, country storekeepers next, and politicians always. Back in the '40s or '50s the Governor of the Prairie State was Reynolds, an eccentric and egotistical man, but a pioneer of uncommon force in his influence on p affairs. He lived down in the swamp country where the Morrisons held sway, and many were the fleree political battles he had with On retiring from the executive Governor Reynolds wrote a history of the State beginning with the white settlement and ending with his own administration. It bristled all over with his prejudices, and the enemies of the Governor were not neglected. Of the Morrisons he had little good to say. In truth, he couldn't forego the opportunity the following fashion:

The year 1797 was marked by two heavy calamities for the young Commonwealth of Illinois. In that year the first swarms of Hessian files descended on the wheat fields of the sturdy pioneers and the tribe of Morrisons settled within its borders. Both these pests still exist. They should be extirpated.

The old Governor was induced to leave this passage out of later editions of his book, but the feeling he showed was not more intense than that which now exists between the Morrisons and the

They tell a good story about "General" Sparkswho figured so long under the present Administration as a zealous reformer of the Land Office—which seems to indicate that this great and good man was moved to action, at times, not merely by his anxiety for the public welfare, but possibly also by the natural and human longing for a little revenge. There is a prominent attorney here, Captain A. A. who besides practising before the Land Office also edits, with characteristic vigor and independence, a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the settlers upon the public domain. This publication had attacked the "General's" peculiar methods of reform with a breezy affluence of adjectives and an extreme candor which rendered it a very disagreeable thorn in the official flesh of the Land Commissioner. One day a particularly bright idea occurred to the poor, suffering sparks, the carrying out of which, he thought, would prevent the further purchase of unkind printer's ink and unsympathetic white paper

certain land-scrip, to the extent of some 2,000 acres, which had not yet been "approved," Sparks decided to issue an order suspending further approvals of such scrip for an indefinite period. A subordinate, hearing of the Commissioner's Intention, mentioned it to Thomas in confidence, suggesting that he had better make his peace with Sparks and thus "flee from the wrath to come." To the clerk's great astonishment, however, the object of his compassion took the matter very coolly, quietly remarking that "if Br'er Sparks desires to go a-gunning for me, why, just let him wade in and help himself all he wants to; that's the kind

of hairpin I am." The fatal edict was issued; further approvals of similar land-scrip were prohibited, and the unlucky bolders of such paper-many of them Spark's own friends-went about with extremely long faces, while the enemy appeared to be, on the contrary, unusually jubilant. Meanwhile, the issue of this unusual order caused the market price of all approved scrip rise at once to a most unprecedented figure, and it shortly was discovered that Thomas, whom Sparks sought to injure by his order, had been quietly holding on to some eight or ten thousand acres of approved scrip of which the "General" knew nothing; and the latter had thus very generously made his enemy a present of about \$100,000 in unlooked-for profits.

One of the public characters of Washington is the old newswoman who has her stand at the corner of F and Fifteenth sts., opposite the Treasury. She numbers among her customers many well-known men, and between making inquiries about their health at every sale of a paper and driving off the newsboys who seek to encreach on her monopoly of the corner, she is kept pretty busy. A blessing goes with every paper, but when an old customer forgets or refuses to make his regular purchase, the language is more vigorous than that commonly used in giving thanks for a favor. The old woman is said to be well off, but she makes no parade of her wealth, and her appearance often causes unsuspecting strangers to buy out of what they imagine is pure charity.

One raw, blustering day when the rain was pouring in torrents, a gentleman who was passing with a Government official was struck by her evident distress and stopped to make inquiry.

"My poor woman," he said, "you ought not to

be out in such weather. I'll buy all your papers and you can go home. What is your name, my good woman, and where do you live?" "Pfwhat's me name to yez," said the news-woman sharply. "Go 'long wid yez, now, and

moind yez don't be afther insultin' the loikes o' me." "But, madam," protested the charitable indi-vidual, "I only wanted to know your name and

where you lived that I might-"
"Well, thin," interrupted the newsdealer, "if it's a civil question Of'll give yez a civil answer. name is Lily Langthry and Oi live in Bookingham

Then, as the disgusted philanthropist walked away. she called after him with a show of indignation "Go 'way, you spalpeen, trying to bate a poor woman out of a nickel. It's small business for the loikes of yez."

Speaking of the trading that was done in the recent election, ex-Senator Henderson, of Missouri, said the other day:

"Jim Lane once told me a story of the manner of his re-election to the Senate, and he told it rather boastfully, too. There was a contest in the Legislature, and to obtain enough votes to elect him, Lane ised the appointment of Marshal of the District of Kansas to seventeen different members of the Legislature. When he returned to Washington after is re-election, the seventeen candidates followed close on his heels. They became urgent in their demands, and Lane was at his wits' ends for excuses. an appointment with each of the candidates for a certain evening. They were all asked for the same evening and the same hour. And they were all there on time. Some of them arrived fifteen minutes Eureau, salaries and expenses paid, for the purpose | before the time. None were late. None knew what the others were after. When all had assembled, Lane

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I was in a tight place last winter and I promised each of you the Marshalship for the District of Kansas. I am in a tighter place to-day. What I did last winter, I did with the purest motives Then It was not for my personal good or aggrandizement turning northward, this official pilgrim reached St. that I wished re-election. It was for the good of Petersburg, whence he journeyed in a southerly direction until he reached Constantinople, Palestine and Union. I had the Indians cleared out of it and put Jerusalem. This, without mentioning the intermediate into the Indian Territory. I have promised all the be gridiconed with railroads and there is every reason vorces in that torrid clime are generally supposed to to believe that in a few years it will be one of the be conducted, I might say, "secundum artem," in a greatest States in the Union. All this I have done sufficiently brief and summary manner; the fair sinner | 1 thought the State of Kansas needed me in the Senate. being usually sewn up in a sack and consigned to the and it was with that idea that I made those promises which I cannot now fulfil. If I have deceived you, I believe that Heaven will forgive me But you, gentlemen, who should have voted for me from the purest and highest impulses-you were actuated only by sordid motives. You voted for me for a price, and I do not think that you are worthy in the sight of Heaven of any recognition or consideration. I renounce all of you, and in the interest of the State of Kansas I will select an entirely new man for the position that you all covet, and have him appointed Marshal. Good evening, gentlemea."

> Representative Allen, of Mississippi, can find a silver lining to every cloud. Returning from New-York just after the election, when the Democratic leaders were bitterly deploring the fate of their party, Mr. Allen said to a friend whom he met on the

> look over the returns from New-York, and then over this schedule of my trips through the State, you will find that although the general result was not what we expected or hoped, there were substantial Demo-eratic gains in every town in which I made a speech."

Colonel "Dick" Wintersmith, of Kentucky, and Representative Allen, of Mississippi, were bound, the other night at Chamberlain's, to ou'do each other in putting the credulity of their friends to a test. Said the colonel, after a preliminary puff at his eigar: "Whiskey is a fluid used chiefly, either ' neat' or

n toddified combination, as an intoxicator of man." Everybody looked at the Colonel, who has "reformed" lately, and then at his neighbor, wondering whether " Dick" was going to deliver a lecture on the evils of intemperance or whether he was simply preparing to guy his listeners.

"Yes," continued the Colonel, unabashed by the in quiring glances of the company, "whiskey is used chiefly as an intoxicator of man. But recently it has been used in my State-and with success-to inebriate Yes, gentlemen, rats. I say rats."

Here the Colonel took a fresh puff and contin Down near Lexington the maid servants of a friend of mine conceived the idea that as whiskey was kill ing many men in the neighborhood-and it does, gentlemen, it does, I am sorry to say-it might possibly be made useful as an exterminator of rats. this maid servant took an ordinary 'horn' of the article, made it sweet with sugar, crumbled so bread therein and placed it in the cellar. A few hours afterward she went down and found several rats, gloriously fuddled, engaged in throwing potate parings, and hauling one another up to drink!

"Come now, Colonel, but this-" But the Colonel protested promptly: "No doubt about it, sir. I vouch for the veracity of my friend." There remained nothing to say, of course. Allen had been sitting very quietly, however, in one corner of the room up to the time that Colonel " Dick" vouching for his friend's veracity, when he broke

"I can beat this, Colonel. True as your may be, it is surpassed by an occurrence that re cently took place in Monroe County, Miss., where the crows had made themselves obnoxious by their per sistent invasion of the corn-fields. A man who had been hired to watch a particularly promising field, and inform these birds that it was against the rules to pick up anything therein, bethought himself how he could make a 'soft thing' of it for himself, and at the same time meet the requirements of his contract. Finally, by a beautiful instinct, he hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whiskey and placing it in the field, so that the crows would eat it and get drunk, and thus enable him to have a sure and easy thing of killing them. He had tried the shot-gun, but crows smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn over night, he put a good supply in the field next morning, and in two or three hours went out to see how things went on. Now, gentlemen, mark the result : One of the crows, a little larger than the rest, had taken possession of nearly all the corn, had built himself a bar out of some clods of earth, and was retailing the whiskey-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted for one of soaked grain! The man," concluded Allen, "thought the whole proceeding so human that he killed not a crow, but came back to the house and—took a 'nip' himself."

Knowing that Captain Thomas was the owner of Hartford Evening Posts and become an editorial writer on that paper. Mr. Porier has for a number of years been a resident of Washington, where he leaves many friends to regret his departure. He is a graduate of Vale and a young man of unusual promise. While here he wrote a history of the City of Washington the result of original research, which is probably the best ever offered to the public. It forms part of the series of publications issued by the Johns Hopkins

University. There will be four instead of two Republicans in the Missouri delegation after March 4. Three of the four will be serving their first terms in Congress—in fact making their debut in public life. William Warner, the present member from the Kansas City District, retires under a pledge made to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic that he would abandon politics if elected Grand Commander. With Republican ticket, to be knocked down by a brother of

Tim" Tarsney, of Michigan. Mr. Frank, the newly-elected Congressman from the IXth Missouri District, made the race against the present incumbent, John M. Glover, two years ago. He spent about \$10,000 contesting Glover's seat, but he was defeated. He is a bright young Hebrew lawyer. Of the other Republican accessions from Missouri, Kinsey is a lawyer favoraciy known in his District, and Niedringhaus is a manufacturer of tin plates, the owner of mines in Mexico and of cattle ranches in Montana.

That quiet and retiring modesty which is the ordinary concomitant of all true greatness appears still to distinguish "The Physical Wreck" who, with his generous tendency to claim anything in sight, for himself or for some member of his amiable family, appears to be on hand as a general applicant for "the loaves and fishes" from the Vice-Presidency down. Black spent some two or three unaccustomed days in the Pension Bureau, after weeks of absence devoted to campaigning for "Cleveland and Reform," but the "Innocuous desuctude" of his official duties proved too much for him after even a few hours' trial, and he forthwith started out, it is stated, upon a tour of the Volunteer Soldiers' Homes throughout the ntry. The Great Pensioner, however, appears to have directed an eye sinister toward his own pocket, as it is said that he was an applicant for the Governorship of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, made vacant by the recent death of the gallant General Patrick. Apart from the indecency of the candidature for this place of a member of its official Board of Visitors—himself the recipient of the largest invalid pension in the United States, and at the same time the beneficiary of a \$5.000 salary, as Commissioner of Pensions, which he has never earned—the old veterans at the Home are to be congratulated upon the fact that Black's candidature was not successful, as his ill-treatment of such ex-Union soldiers as he found serving in the Pension Bureau is notorious.

SECRETED HEAT IN A BOBTAIL CAR.

THE UNROMANTIC EXPERIENCE OF TWO SE RIOUS SPINSTERS, WHO FOUND THAT THEY WERE SITTING ON THE CAR STOVE.

No one is inclined to quarrel with "the deadly car-stove" this weather, so long as it is kept in a horse car, but there is one kind of car stove which has iven some alarm to many a staid and sober passenger. This is the kind that is kept out of sight under the seat, and it is a great favorite with the officers of some of the lines that run "bobtail" cars, because it does not take up the room of one or two passengers. The difficulty with it is that it does not hold much fuel, and as it has to be opened from the outside of the car, the fire can be replenished only at the end of the trip. As a result, the firemen frequently make up such a roaring fire that the unsuspecting passenger who ineautiously takes his seat directly above the stove. comes after a time to the sudden conclusion that he has a young furnace at work underneath him.

A Tribune reporter recently witnessed an adventure of this kind in which two middle-aged and portly matrons figured, which was much less edifying to themselves than to the rest of the passengers. ladies were well-dressed and intelligent, but they evidently were not familiar with that sort of a stove. for they commented with satisfaction on the agreeable

for they commented with satisfaction on the agreeable warmth of the car, which they would not have expected in a car without a stove.

The only unoccupied seats were right over the stove, and the ladies had not been there long before they were compeled to loosen their wraps. Surprise was rapidly turning into awe, as first one and then the other had to unbutton her cloak, but the climax was reached when the older one started to re-arrange her skirts so that the heat should be less oppressive. As soon as her hand touched the under folds of her heavy silk gown she cried out: "I'm on fire?" and with a shries sprang for the door. The other passengers had watched the evolution of the little comedy with intense interest, and the culmination was greeted with shouts of laughter. The two innocent subjects of their mirth were quickly informed a; to the presence of the secreted warmer, but they refused to return to their places, and soon left the car, vowing never again to sit down on top of a car stove.

FITTING SHOES TO PRETTY FEET.

WHY MANY WOMEN PREFER MALE CLERKS. was begun as an experiment a few years ago, and considerable interest in the success of the scheme has been manifested by the shoe trade. The experiment may now regarded as a success within certain limits, but it ap pears to be equally sure that the female clerks will never ntirely drive out the men, even from the departments for

omen's and children's shoes. An experienced cierk in a well-known uptown establish ment said recently to a Tribune reporter that the tendency among large desiers now is to employ both men and women, and then let the customer choose for herself between the two. "It is purely a matter of taste," said the clerk, " and I should say even that it depended on the customer's mere whim. Some women profess to be shocked at the immodesty of having a man put on their shoes for them; but on the other hand many of the most refined ladies in the city always insist on having a man serve them, and there will always be this same demand." And what is the cause of this preference?" asked the

"Simply that a man can fit a shoe to the foot better than a woman can. The majority of women wear tight shoe even those who have no claim to a place in the world of fashion, and it takes a strong hand and arm to get a tight shee on a customer's foot easily. Most women are too weak in the wrist for this sort of work, and they will tail and struggle so over the task that many cus-tomers become completely disgusted, and learn to avoid a store where there are no male clerks to wait on them. A man by superior strength and dexterity will force a shoe two sizes too small on a woman's foot with comparative case, and she will leave the store conscious of having secured a small shoe that is a perfect fit."

" And how about the question of modesty?" vacaries of prudes. Unduly sensitive women do find it an ordeal to have men wait on them, and for such cases the female clerk is a business necessity. Most women, however, are not so sensitive, and as for the male clerks

themselves, they would always rather wait on a man than on a woman, any time A very young clerk some-times feels that he has got prety near heaven when he is directed to assist a handsome young woman in getting satisfactory footgear, but the novelty soon wears off. Women are so much more particular than men, especially in the matter of shoes, that it is by no means a coveted privilege to walt on them. One annoyance to which ladies are not now subjected in the larger establishments is the impudent staring of dudes and other callow youth who serves, whenever they went to a shoe-store, just to get a gimpse of a pretty ankle now and then. Now separate ms are provided for the ladies, but the male clerks will never be entirely banished from these sacred pre-

THE MEANING OF A CLOSE SHAVE.

A BARBER LOSES A CUSTOMER THROUGH GIVING HIM A LESSON IN SCIENCE. "Let me have a close shave," said a new customer, as

he settled back in his chair and looked dreamily at the ceiling in a downtown barber shop.
"I'd rather not," said the aesthetic barber, throwing the hair back from his full, expansive brow and looking sadiy at the man in the chair.

"What's that you say? What's the matter? Come,

ome, hurry up !" "No, no, my good man, you do not know what you are a-king for. Do you know what a close shave means? I never did until I loosed at a face the other day through microscope which had been treated to this luxurious rocess. Why, the entire skin resembled a piece of raw set. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each littie quivering mouth helding a minute blood drop protests against such cruel treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy, This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a pe liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat and it is

only that the face and neck are pachydermatous—
"Hold on, barber! Not another word!" exclaimed
the customer. A look of sadness had come over his face
and he seemed to be mentally calculating the amount of epidermis that had been sacrificed in many years of clos-Suddenly jumping from his chair he said with

'I'll never shave again." After that a new round of drinks was promptly ordered—by Colonel "Dick" Wintersmith.

A nepnew of William Walter Pheips, John Addison Porter, has lately purchased an interest in "The TOPICS IN PARIS.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT-AGITA TING FOR WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUTAL Paris, November 16.

The Queen of Portugal has been here to replenish her wardrobe and to go to the Paris theatres for five consecutive nights. As she did not exchange courtesies with the wife of the President of the Republic, she had the good taste not to hold any reception or go into company either at the Portuguese or the Italian Legation, at the house of the Duke and Duchess de Chartres or at the Princess Mathilde's. This presented a contrast to the astounding behavior of the Queen of Denmark, this understanding he was elected. He managed to who, after her son's marriage with the Princess put up his brother-in-law for the nomination on the de Chartres, held Royalist drawing-rooms at the Hotel Bristol. The Queen of Portugal was indefatigable in sightseeing and shopping, and in trying to find out whether she could not get ordinary and demi-toilette dresses cheaper than those the male mantua-makers are in the habit of furnishing her with. She is a lady of few words and has a will of her own. Her manner is reserved, but not repulsive, and the prevailing expression of her eyes

is concentration.

I was admitted to salute her with a few other persons one day after she came in from a walk and had just had time to dress for afternoon tea. Her Majesty wore blue velvet, made like a pelisse, over a skirt of blue silk trimmed with bluish iridescent head embroidery. She has a neat figure and her clothes were a good fit. But she seemed the most ill at case of all the persons in the room and did not know what to say to the different people who were presented to her. She mumbled rather than spoke, and the tongue she made use of was French which sounded almost like Italian. Her hair is red, but of a carrot-like shade. The complexion is of the pale washed-out kind that one often finds in red-haired women, and which doctors now say shows a predisposition to consumption. has a small, well-shaped hand-the hand of a handy" and active woman.

There were a quantity of baby's frocks, hoods and mantles in the next room. The Queen of Portugal is as fond of dressing her grandchild as of dressing herself. The day after I was presented to her I saw her in a toy-shop in the She was in-Passage de l'Opera buying toys. cognito, and expected to be allowed to pass unnoticed by any personal acquaintance who might come upon her there. The toys were for the little Braganza Prince, for the infant King of Spain and his sisters, for the little De Montpensier and for a number of children about Court. The address given was Madame Boson, Grand Hotel. Boson is the name of the feudal chief who founded, time out of mind, the House of Savoy-now the most ancient reigning family in Europe

The Queen of Portugal does not appear to have succeeded in obtaining the Princess Clementine of Belgium for her nephew, the Prince of Naples, She cannot be in high favor at the Vatican, inasmuch as she braved the Pope's anger in going on a visit to the Quirinal when the German Emperor was there. The Pope does not readily forgive a Catholic Sovereign who accepts hospitality at Rome of the King of Italy.

The late Maximilian, Duke of Deux Ponts in Bavaria, who died yesterday in his eighty-second year, was not, as has been erroneously stated, a descendant of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. The last of her male descendants was Ludwig, father of the Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans, who was, as a letter writer, the Zola of her time. Maximilian was the descendant of a brother of Frederick, husband of Elizabeth, and of a Princess of Sweden, aunt of Charles XII. The wild blood which she brought into the veins of the Deux Ponts branch of the House of Bavaria, is not yes worn out. Duke Max was a bluff, hearty, homely old man, and a good deal of an Old King Cole. He enjoyed his pipe and his beer to the end. Nothing pleased him more than to play some musical instrument at village dances. The music he performed was generally of his own composing and was of a kind to put life and mettle in the heels of the dancers. He lived much more in the old secularized Abbey of Tegernsee than at Munich. His home was in itself picturesque and stood on the edge of a romantic lake. The lovely daughters of the Duke were brought up like wood nymphs and free as air. The second of them, who is now Empress of Austria, learned English from a groom. The only attendants allowed to the Princesses when they went out to walk or ride were dogs specially trained to take care of them and strong enough to repel aggression.

Max's golden wedding was celebrated the other day. His daughters were all fondly attached to The eldest of his sons, to make a love match, renounced his right to succeed to the Duchy of Deux Ponts in favor of his brother, Charles Theodore, the renowned oculist. The third son is married to a daughter of the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg. The Empress of Austria is giving up her massage treatment to hasten to her father's funeral. The other daughters are the Princess of Turn and Taxis, the ex-Queen of Naples, the Countess of Tripani, and the Duchess D'Alencon, who has just come out of a mad-house. They are all passionately fond of dogs and horses. Their true vocation was to be circus riders. It is, however, just to add that they are, notwithstanding their horsiness, women of refined appearance and manners. They had all fine figures of the slender, flexible sort, and astonishingly heads of hair, and have yet found life full of disappointments. The Empress of Austria looks upon her husband as the head clerk in a great system of bureaucracy. She would have liked to have been married to some hero worthy to figure in an opera of Wagner's. Old Duke Max never regretted the unrestricted way in which he brought his daughter up. But it wholly unfitted them for the positions they were destined to fill, and hemmed them round with restrictions. The Equal Rights question has at length made

another step. M. Ernest Lefevre and 159 Deputies have presented a bill to the Chamber, the object of which is to enable patented trades women to vote at the elections of Judges of the Tribunal of Commerce. In the preamble I find the following testimonial to the ability and honesty of the feminine trades: "If women are competent to set up in trade on their own account, why should they not share all the prerogatives which render the pursuit of business more easy to which render the pursuit of business more easy to tradesmen? Bearing the heavy charges and responsibilities of shopkeepers, heads of banks and directrices of wholesale houses, why should they not eajoy every privilege arising from the competent discharge of their rights? Is it fair, women being liable to all the penalties that attend bankruptey, not to be able to elect Judges, whose function it would be, if they failed in business, to declare them bankrupt and order the liquidation of their stock in trade? It would be easy to show that women have discharged not only a great but the greatest part in the commercial business of France. This fact is one of the reasons why French trade and commerce, and especially Parisian trade and commerce, have won so high a name. The teekl of commercial business is one peculiarly a tapted to the activity and habits of Parisian trade and commerce, have won so high a name. The field of commercial business is one peculiarly aliqued to the activity and habits of economy of French middle-class women. The recent creation of technical schools for youngirls promises to enlarge greatly that field. Frence laws in regard to women have been behind moss French institutions. The only law for femining emancipation which has passed in recent years was that of 1881 to enable women to invest in savings banks without the authorization of their husbands. This law had the happiest effects, as all who have taken the trouble of inquiring into its workings must know. It should also be remembered that wherever women can earn fair wages and invest them, there the family principle is upheld and the family is kept tegether. There is no stronger factor of social conservation than the active money-carning woman. To her honor be it said that the proportion of tradeswomen on the rolls of the Bankruptey Court is the lowest. Their exactness in meeting bills is proverbial."

The French woman is slighted in a shameful way by the code, which was drawn up by men who had gone through the corrupt society of the eighteenth century. They took for granted that every woman is an utter and incurable liar. No woman, therefore, can be a witness in a civil matter other than a birth registration. Manners have softened the action of laws. My feeling is that French women are, taken in the mass, better qualified to vote at elections than their husbands, because they are not open to the influence of the publican, and have marvellously clear and hard heads.

because they are not open to the influence of the publican, and have marvellously clear and hard heads